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534 [24] The dwelling may contain a musical instrument or two not
177 necessarily connected with ritual, a one-stringed violin (probably inspired by European models), and more infrequently a flute.

The elaborate system of affinal avoidances makes it expedient
361 to allow some space between the home of the man who joins the
621 encampment and those of his wife's relatives. Therefore, a dis-
[602] tance of two or three hundred paces may separate two dwellings. Each family is afforded privacy, yet relatives and neighbors are near enough in case of danger. The comparative independence of each home is further safeguarded by the nature of the country, by natural barriers which often conceal one dwelling from the next, even though the distance which separates them is not great.

[721] Because these people raid surrounding groups as a regular course,
[312] they have reason to fear retaliation and therefore seek to conceal their habitations as much as possible. Desirable locations must be near enough to streams and springs to insure an adequate water supply and close to the highlands so that foes can be led into a fruitless and wearying search through the hills.

The possessions, the materials from which they are made, and
361 the uses which they imply make it plain that the food economy
484 is based on the wild animals and plants of the region and that the
221 people must be ready to follow a seasonal food quest and to re-
[433] move to a new locality when it becomes apparent that hunting or gathering is more rewarding there. A popular folk tale, explica-
[538] ble in terms of this life, tells how a man becomes separated from the members of his family and seeks to rejoin them, passing camp site after camp site which they have abandoned, until he finally overtakes them. Other accounts describe the frequent movements of the people, with those who have no horses carrying their goods and their children.

Sometimes a single household goes off alone on an economic
361 errand and even remains by itself for some time. But, ordinarily,
621 the extended family breaks camp and moves as a body. It can,
596 therefore, be called the smallest unit prepared to maintain a
[433] separate economic existence for any length of time. Thus, even in the midst of the nomadic phase of his life, the most significant
[571] social bonds remain undisturbed for the individual.

Despite constant movement, population tends to concentrate

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865 Another punishment for crying is to pour a little cup of water slowly on the
861 child's head. It is cold and the child stops. Then we get another cupful and ask, "Going to cry again?" The child says, "No."

But the parent is usually gentle with the child. "If you love a child, it is awful to hear him cry or to have other children angry with him. You want to play with him and please him." Therefore, forceful measures of any kind are avoided where threats will gain the desired end. "We tell children we will put them in a sack if they are not good. I told it to mine. I never did it though."

863 Instead of punishing a child for enuresis, other means are used
789 to treat the difficulty. "If a child wets the bed, we put a bird's nest there and let him wet it. Then the nest is thrown to the east, and the child won't wet the bed any more."

865 Another ceremonial aid in child-training calls for the assist-
881 ance of the adolescent girl at the time of her puberty rite: "If a
788 child, a boy or a girl, is mean, they bring it to one of the girls. She takes pollen and hits him on the mouth four times with it. Then he can't talk evil any more and will be good."

865 Thoughtless children who are a nuisance to their elders are
538 chastised in subtle ways. One of the most popular is to send an ill-mannered boy on a wild-goose chase. This is a favorite device of story-tellers. The old man bides his time; then, at a convenient stopping-place he picks up his tobacco pouch as though he is going to smoke, assumes his most innocent expression, and

. . . . says to this boy, "You get 'that with which one smokes' for me. I want to smoke with it and I left it over at the next camp." There is no such thing as "that with which one smokes." He just sends the boy to get rid of him.

When the boy gets over to the next camp, the man there tells him, "Go over to So-and-so's place. I just sent it over to him." Sometimes a boy chases it all night. Then another boy cuts up, and that boy is sent over to see what happened to the first one.

861 "The Chiricahua loves his children and does not like to whip
[855] them"; but, when other methods fail, he resorts to corporal punishment. "Parents never whip their children unless they won't get up and run a race or something like that. Parents try to make men of them, and some punish them for not minding.",

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861 you are!" He drags the boy over there. Other men are there with boys. Always
865 there is a big crowd of men and boys at the grounds.

The father calls out, "Here is my boy. He's always in trouble. Let's see how bad he really is. Is there any other troublesome boy here?"

Perhaps some other father has a boy who needs a good lesson. He brings his boy forward. Maybe those two boys don't want to fight. The men hit them with sticks until they begin. They are both troublesome boys. No one cares who wins. The parents want them to get beaten up. The father keeps matching his boy up against others until the boy gets a good licking. Then he takes him home.

He says to the boy, "Are you hurt? Does it hurt? We want you to go through life without getting hurt. We want you to obey and to listen to our good words. But you try to run us and make trouble. Now you've been licked. You see that you are not such a man as you think. If you can't behave, we are going to take you out and make you fight a boy who is still bigger."

538 Yet there is greater dependence on advice and traditional
861 stories for guiding the young than on physical coercion. The tales are particularly important in this connection. Some have no other point than to rationalize usage or belief. A child who is
[826] reluctant to "feed" his legs, that is, to rub grease on them after eating, is reminded of the story of the man who fed only his stomach and was told by his legs, "Run with your belly!" when he appealed to them to carry him out of danger.

868 Narratives of personal experience are also used to instruct the
538 young. Once when some boys were showing insufficient interest in the running they were supposed to practice, an old man called them over and offered them the following counsel:

Boys, I'm an old man and funny looking now, and you all laugh at me. But there's one thing I always took care of, and they are pretty good still. I mean my legs. And you can learn that from me. My legs have saved me many a time.

Once I was out with a bunch of men. I stopped behind for a few minutes and they went ahead. I ran right into a bear there. That bear took after me. He was right behind me when I started running. But by the time I caught up with the others I was way ahead of him. I outran that bear. If I hadn't trained and kept myself a good runner, I would have been killed right there. So you boys ought to practice some running.

538 Many of the important myths can be told in winter only, and
869 so the long winter nights are often enlivened by story-telling sessions. These occasions are not arranged for the exclusive benefit of the children, but, when children are present, special care is

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taken by the raconteur to point the moral. Such instruction is not always taken in good spirits. "My father told me many stories, but sometimes I got very sleepy. Sometimes I got contrary and wanted to go to bed," an informant admitted. Usually, however, the children look forward to these evenings and often beg a grandparent to arrange one.

The most important story a child hears at this time is that of the birth of the culture hero and his victorious encounters with the monsters. Familiarity with this account is a necessary background for much ritual. Parts of the story are dramatized in the girl's puberty rite. Ceremonial songs and many ritual touches refer to the protagonists of this legend. Grama grass, for example, appears in ceremonial contexts because Child of the Water used it for an arrow in his encounter with Giant, one of the monsters. Other stories of the culture hero and his mother further acquaint the child with their holiness and the great respect he owes them.

Scarcely less important is the set of stories devoted to the Mountain People, supernaturals inhabiting the interiors of sacred mountains. These Mountain People, who are impersonated by the masked dancers, are described in the legends as potential sources of supernatural power and as protectors of the tribal territory.

Most appreciated by the young people, however, is the Coyote cycle, a series of episodes of the pranks of the trickster. Coyote violates all the social and sexual conventions of the society, and this permits the narrator to contrast "Coyote's way" with more approved conduct. Coyote stories "make a child sleepy," and so it is often necessary to tickle his nose or tap him lightly on the head in order to keep him awake. Through the Coyote tales the child gets some hint of the imperfectibility of man and of the inevitability of moral turpitude in the world: "Coyote stories are used as a lesson. And they still blame Coyote today for the foolish things humans do."

Other tales serve to imbue the child with the proper attitudes toward baneful or helpful animal life, toward supernaturals, and toward neighboring peoples.

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603 paid to him. My father said the old man was kind to him, was always gentle with him, and used to advise him. He took more trouble with him than other relatives did.

• [538 867] The maternal grandparents, who are the approved raconteurs for the children of the extended family, function to a considerable degree as teachers, for a good deal of instruction for the young comes obliquely through stories.

603 868 [855 462] The influence of the maternal grandparents is not limited to oral instruction. While the younger men are hunting or raiding and the younger women are away gathering food or getting wood and water, the care of the children and the performance of camp tasks fall to the older people. The grandfather makes arrows, ropes, and many other objects. Often his grandson watches him or even assists him. The grandmother cooks, sews, and weaves baskets, occasionally pausing to explain her methods to her granddaughter.

603 869 756 Ceremonial knowledge may also be received from the grandparent. Many rites result from personal experiences with the supernatural, but a certain number are passed along to others by those who have had such individual encounters. When a ceremony is transmitted, it is most often taught to a relative. Usually a shaman is reluctant to reveal his secrets until he feels that the end of his life is near and that his ceremony will perish with him unless a successor is found. Thus there is a tendency for very old persons to seek younger relatives as their understudies in things ceremonial. The grandchild often proves a promising candidate, especially if he is not too young during his grandparent's declining years.

603 The paternal grandparents usually cannot hope for a great deal of contact with their son's child. At marriage their son has left their encampment, and his obligations are to his wife's relatives. Yet when it happens that the father's parents do live near the extended family into which their son has married, they take pleasure in being with their grandchildren and may even rival the maternal grandparents in solicitude.

601 603 Four kinship terms, one for each grandparent, label the grandparent-grandchild relationship. Since they are used as self-

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barriers to intimacy which it is very difficult for the youth to surmount before he is ready to enter into a marriage relationship arranged and approved by his elders. Ordinarily, before maturity and the time for marriage, the boy is so busy proving himself a worthy competitor among men, and the girl is so engrossed in establishing herself as a competent worker among the women, that there is limited need to gratify the primary sex drive. There is no use for prudery or continence as such, but there is a definite concept of normalcy in the relation between the sexes which subordinates the sexual drive to other concerns.

Sexual precocity is rare and sternly discouraged. The one account of such misbehavior which was obtained was that of a seven-year-old boy charged with trying to throw down little girls and molest them. The mothers refused to allow their children to associate with him. An informant, when he was questioned about sexual play among children, claimed that he had never heard of children engaging in sex games but added that, if two children had been caught at "such a thing," the parents "would certainly have whipped both of them."

That masturbation occurs infrequently among the children has been asserted by a number of informants:

> There is no masturbation among the Chiricahua boys. It is against the Apache nature to handle the private organs. There was one boy, a Comanche, who did it and advised J. and me to do it. We thought it a shameful thing to do. I can hardly believe that it is so common among the Whites! It is not done by the Chiricahua. We children were never warned against it. It never was mentioned, thought of, or considered.

Another old man disclaimed knowledge of it, insisting that his people "never thought along that line." "Way back the Chiricahua didn't know what masturbation was," another man declared. However, one informant who had "never heard of masturbation or anything like that among the men" said he had heard of girls masturbating with sticks. A traditional story is told of a woman who abused herself with a cactus plant from which the outer covering had been peeled.

Berdaches rarely appear and are far from pampered or encouraged when they do. They are not mistreated, but they are privately ridiculed.

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the mortals realize that they have pursued actual Mountain Spirits. "Not long after that disease broke out among them and killed many of them."

The Mountain Spirits are held in such fear and reverence that those who have no ceremony from them are hesitant even to discuss them. One man explained, "I'm not supposed to tell stories about the Mountain Spirits because it is dangerous for me," and another said: "In order to use another word besides Mountain Spirit in the stories, a term 'man from the mountains,' is used. This is put in the story a few times to show that the Mountain Spirits are held in awe and to prevent harm befalling the teller."

Masked-dancer ceremonies, though they may be later taught to others, always originate in a personal supernatural experience. The following account is a good example of the type.

My father is a shaman. He got his ceremony when he was a young man. It was this way. You know that Guadalupe Mountain over here. It is a religious mountain, a holy mountain. My father says that this place is the home of Mountain People. He says a spirit came to him and told him to go into that mountain. Someone talked to him, but he did not see anyone. It was outside the mountain that something, or someone, told him to enter. That was the first time anything had spoken to him; he was getting his first power.

When he thought he heard a voice telling him to go into the cliff, he turned around and started to enter the mountain. The cliff opened like a door. He says that the clown met him at the door. The clown said, "Follow me," and they came to the first outside door. Near by was a great rock turning around and around. They call it by a name that means "rock that swings around together." My father says he was frightened, but the clown told him, "Don't be afraid. You must go through four doors, all different. Don't be frightened because the rock is acting this way." Then he said, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the rock, and the rock stopped. He told my father to follow him. They went on.

They came to the second door. There were two great snakes there, twisting and squirming, and biting at each other. They were guarding the door. They were not really biting each other, just trying to. They were not allowing anyone to pass. The clown said, "Do not be afraid of them." The clown went ahead, and my father was close behind. The clown said again, "Sh! Sh!" pointing his forefinger at the snakes, and the snakes stopped twisting and biting.

So they passed the snakes and went on to the next door, the third door. Here there were two big mountain lions, one on either side of the door. They were trying to keep everyone from going through that door. They had their mouths open, and when they saw my father they were just wild. The clown said, "You must not be afraid; they are not going to hurt you." The clown went on ahead,

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saw it was a cow. He said that if he had been like many Indians he would have run away and said it was a ghost. That's how most of this ghost business turns out. Three-fourths of it is just something natural, if you stay around to find out. Of course, there are some experiences with ghosts that are real.

Precedent for a sense of proportion in respect to the claims and motives of would-be shamans is found in the traditions. A tale is told of a woman who boasted of her ability to determine the whereabouts of the enemy by means of her supernatural power. One night, when the people feared a surprise attack, they asked this woman to perform her rite for them. She went about the inside of the windbreak in which they were clustered, solemnly moved her arms around, and assured them, "There is nothing. It is good all over." But in giving them this encouraging message, she leaned too far over the windbreak, and enemy soldiers who had crawled to it pulled her over and made her captive. The others, warned by her fate if not by her ceremony, fled under cover of darkness.

Another story has to do with a visitor who is asked to use his ceremony to find some missing tribesmen. He sings, shakes as though influenced by some invisible force, and is led into the brush. Returning, he asserts that a fully equipped horse must be tethered at a distant point to the east if his power is to continue the search. This is done, and again the man sings and is led into the darkness by his power, this time to the west. The others wait a long time for him to come back. Finally a hard-headed member of the group exclaims, "I'll bet he went over to the horse!" This, indeed, is the case; the pretender has made off with the finest horse in the encampment.

Religiosity is thus tempered with a saving humor and distrust which act as brakes upon unreasonable claims. In a setting where each person is allowed wide latitude in the acquisition of power, the threat of public ridicule is a force in the maintenance of the pattern. The individualistic principle itself becomes a curb. Any person may claim extraordinary supernatural experiences, but any other person may equally question the validity of the assertion. Each shaman knows that there are those who believe in the efficacy of his rite and those who do not and that it is

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Social dancing is recreation which all can enjoy equally: 535

We do not speak of a good dancer when referring to the social dancing. One person is not considered better than another at it. There is no chance to show off. The only dances in which the individual can show ability are the war dance and the masked dancing. Women cannot dance these. But people get real pleasure out of dancing the social dances with someone they like. [555]

To sing well for the social dance is a real distinction, however: [533]

It seems to me that there are three different registers of singing found among these Indians. My voice is low; N.'s is high. If I put my hand to the side of my mouth, I can sing all night. But I can't last on the high ones.

The telling of myths provides another opportunity for those who live in close proximity to gather. The expert raconteur is highly regarded. 538

I was in the store the other day, and J. was in there talking to a group of men. He was talking about the old times. He told about a man who used to be very good at telling all kinds of stories. A group of men thought they would play a joke on him. They all went over there and told him that he had to tell all the stories he knew and that they were going to sit there and listen until he was through. They were going to give him his fill of telling stories for once.

This fellow was quite a joker. He said, "All right!" and he started in. They came there early in the evening. That man told stories all night and then kept on during the day until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody else was all tired out, and he was still telling stories.

Another able story-teller, whose case is of special interest because his excellence as an entertainer evidently was his chief claim upon the respect and good opinion of his fellows, is likewise fondly remembered:

My father knew I. He couldn't fight; he was no account in war. But he was a great joker and story-teller. All used to gather at his camp to hear him. The old men laugh and talk about him yet. My father imitates him, using the left hand, for I. was left-handed. It sure is funny to watch. I. thought quickly. Even the old people surely liked him.

As a general rule the Chiricahua dodge around when they fight. Though I. never fought, he'd talk like this: "When you're in a fight, don't dodge—you might run into an arrow. Why do you fellows dodge around like that?"

He'd say things like this: "Do you see those hills? Those hills were small when I came through there a little while ago. They must have grown since. Do you see that mesquite tree? I was chasing deer. Notice that limb. The horse was going full speed for it. It looked as though I was going to get brushed off by it. Then I jumped one way and the horse went the other. I landed on the back

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538 of the horse again on the other side of the branch and we went on and killed the deer I was chasing."

When he was telling stories, if anyone acted as though he were going to go, I. would say, "Wait, we're going to cook something pretty soon." It might be noon and there would be nothing to eat in the camp at all. But he'd ask his wife, "Have you got anything to eat?" His wife was just as bad as he was. "Certainly," she'd say. "In just a few minutes, I'll get it ready." It would never come. After all of his stories he would turn to his wife and ask, "Now isn't that true?" She'd answer, "Yes, that's true."

He had only one woman. No other would have anything to do with him. Yet he would say, "When a woman gets angry with me, I go off. I don't cut her nose. I don't beat my wife. I don't say anything. There is always another woman ahead, I say."

I. once saved a large encampment, they claim. The children were thinking of going swimming. Enemies were near. I.'s camp was out in the open on the side of a hill. He called all the people, all men and boys, to listen to stories, and they all came. While he was telling stories, he saw enemies in the distance coming toward the camp. He saved them, every one. If he hadn't been telling his stories, the children would have been in swimming. The white soldiers came, but the Apache all got away.

538 869 Many times these sessions are arranged for the particular benefit of the children, for it is an integral part of their education to be properly versed in the tribal lore. Just as often no definite plans are made in advance, but the older people drift from casual conversation to a review of more traditional materials, and the children gather around to listen.

Sometimes in the evening we would all gather over at my grandmother's home. There would be my sister, my cousins, and myself. The old lady would tell us Coyote stories. At other times some old men used to come over to my uncle's place and tell each other stories of the old times. Then we children used to come around and listen.

538 The long winter evenings are the most acceptable time for story-telling. Indeed, certain myths and myth cycles, such as the legend of the hidden-ball or "moccasin" game played for daylight, and the Coyote trickster cycle, can be told only at night and in cold weather, when the snake and the bear are not abroad. The events and atmosphere of the evenings during which he listened to Coyote stories have been recaptured in this vivid account by an informant:

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It is not an easy task to learn these stories. You have to be patient when the stories are being told. You have to listen very closely. You have to sit up at night when it's very cold, no telling how long, sometimes all night. When a funny story comes along, everybody is laughing. And at all other times you have to listen very closely and be quiet. As much as I have sat up and listened to the stories, I have to be reminded of some of them in order to get it correctly the way I first heard it.

When Coyote stories are being told, there is generally a big crowd present. The older people, before they told the Coyote stories, would say, "When you tell these stories, they make you very sleepy." When you get sleepy, they wake you up. They shake you or they tickle your nose with grass. I've been treated that way. But, if someone just can't keep awake, they let him go to sleep.

Both old men and old women could tell the stories. It would be like this. Some of these stories are very funny, and many times the boys of about fourteen years of age would get together and go to some old man's home and say, "Tell us Coyote stories."

But the Apache is very careful not to embarrass someone before whom he is ashamed, even when he is telling Coyote stories. If he comes to one of the stories that would embarrass anyone, he says, "I want to tell you, in case people who are ashamed before each other are here, that I am going to tell some very funny stories now." Of course, not every man will do this; it depends on the individual. A man like C. doesn't care what he says. But I remember that most people would be very careful at such times. Once my father was telling stories. My brothers were there, and my sister and my wife and some other women. Pretty soon he came to one of these stories. One by one we men went out and went into a shack next door. You probably noticed that just now I told my son-in-law to go into the tent next door, build himself a fire, and stay there. I just don't want him to hear me tell stories like that.[3]

When interested people, young or old, visit him to hear his rendition of the myths and tales, it is an opportunity for the narrator to display his hospitality as well as his abilities. He seldom allows his guests to leave without offering them food: [574]

One time at Fort Sill seven of us boys came to N. About ten o'clock he said, "Make coffee for these boys. I don't know how long they'll stay. We'll have lunch about midnight." So we stayed and had a big lunch. That's what they used to do a long time ago, he said. N. knew the old ways. We stayed until three or four in the morning listening to old stories.

[3] No father-in-law avoidance is practiced in this case. Though the informant is a Chiricahua, his son-in-law is a Lipan. The Lipan do not practice avoidance of affinal relatives. [606] [184] [602]

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538 A really talented raconteur has at his command a seemingly inexhaustible fund of stories. Of the host of the occasion mentioned above it was said with admiration: "N. began at sundown. He told Coyote stories all night. He never finished them that night." For those who stay up all night to listen to him, the narrator is expected to have some gift. By keeping the audience up until dawn, he has "stolen the night" from them and owes them amends:

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The old-time Indians used to give you a big present if you stayed up all night and listened to them tell stories. They used to kill a cow or even give a horse or saddle. I went over to C.'s place with my wife. We got tired and wanted to come home about ten o'clock. C. said, "Why don't you stay all night and win something? We'll give you a big pan of piñon nuts." But we were too tired and came home.

If the host does not have suitable presents on hand, he may feel uneasy about keeping his audience too long:

A while back we were over at T.'s camp and the old man was telling stories. We were willing to stay all night. But the old man stopped before the night was over and said, "I haven't got much here, and so I don't want to go too far. I'll give you what I have." He brought out some things. I took a pocketful of piñons and some tobacco and went home.

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It is the story-teller's use of appropriate gestures, onomatopoeia, and asides—in short, his gifts as actor and dramatist, which lend luster to his reputation. In order to keep interest at a high pitch, he does not hesitate to tease the less attentive members of his audience:

Once the old man was telling the whole bunch of us Coyote stories. It was just the time when E. was having some trouble with his wife and his mother-in-law. The old man thought he would have some fun with E. He made believe he wasn't looking at E., but he was watching him out of the corner of his eye. When he came to a part where Coyote has some trouble with his wife or mother-in-law, if E. wasn't looking he'd motion toward him and say, "I guess it's this fellow." Everyone would laugh, and E. would look up. But by this time the old man would be looking the other way and going on with his story as though nothing had happened.

At first E. laughed too. He didn't know it was for him. But after a while he got suspicious. He kept his eyes on the old man. Then he'd get tired or look around, and just that quick the old man would do it again. E. was always just too late to catch him at it.

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Then they came to the story where Coyote tells his mother-in-law to put her arm in the log after the rabbit because her arm is longer. Right there E. caught him. He jumped up. He cursed and said, "You just talk about me all the time!" 538 522

The old man laughed. "What's the matter? Why do you get mad? Was it you? Are you that Coyote?"

E. was so mad he walked out. The old man called after him, "You must have been that Coyote."

It was surely funny to watch E. try to catch the old man at it. The old man sat there whittling. Just as soon as E. looked away, he'd motion with two fingers and say, "I guess it's this one," and when E. would look up, there the old man would be, whittling away as before.

SMOKING

Smoking adds to the pleasure and relaxation when old tales are recounted. Before the distribution of trader's supplies, tobacco was very scarce. Consequently, it was used mostly for ceremonial purposes and was looked upon as a great luxury on social occasions. Boys were counseled not to smoke until after the training period, and it was thought unbecoming for women under middle age to use tobacco, except as ritual might demand it. The source and use of the wild tobacco are described as follows: 276 [796]

Before the white man's tobacco came in, the Chiricahua found their tobacco out in the woods or out in the Arizona plains. It grows in reddish soil. It is a low plant, and you cannot find a great deal of it together. The plants have white and yellow flowers and long narrow leaves, about four inches wide or less. It doesn't grow everywhere but just in certain places, and it is therefore hard to get. We pick it and let it dry out in the sun. Some sprinkle mescal juice on it and then let it dry. This wild tobacco is milder than the present tobacco we get. Often this tobacco is used with other plants. Sumac leaves are picked, dried, crushed, and put with it, and sage is too. [824]

The tobacco we found was called "big tobacco." It was used for social purposes as well as for ceremony. It was passed around at private gatherings or at story-telling. But it was not so common. You just saw it here and there, because it was so scarce. Boys were not allowed to smoke, and just old women were allowed to smoke. When we fought Mexicans we took their tobacco. When the white man's tobacco first came in, it was pretty scarce. If you had a good horse, you would give it for one cigarette of the white or Mexican kind. [435]

In the old way, when the tobacco is ready, they crumble it up. They use the leaf of the oak for a cigarette paper. They take the fresh leaf in summer, but sometimes they carry them in a bundle, one on top of the other. Every now and then they wet the leaves to keep them in shape. And they get cornhusks that they use. Many times I've seen old men sitting on the sunny side of the camps [824]

3:Opler E-5 (1931-1937)1946
NT8 Eastern Apache NT8
Chiricahua

755 756 778 787 539 After the fourth word Child-of-the-Water will be mentioned. At the sixth word White-Painted Woman will be mentioned. Then you dance and after the singing let him eat the gravy." Everything came out the way he said.

Then they wanted to hear Tuisga sing. Tuisga started to sing himself. Tuisga said later, "Neither of us remembered one word of that song afterward. That was a supernatural song. Power was practicing it on me. I did not know it. Through it they were healing me."

After the ceremony everyone was glad.

I wasn't there at this time. He told me the story night after night, for he wanted me to be a shaman. He said, "You listen to this. It's worth while. And some day you will know the ceremony and be telling it like this."[15]

4. *The Witch Who Made Off With a Horse*

791 778 539 787 Enti was a Central Chiricahua, but he was always traveling around.[16] Once he came to the camp of Old Chihuahua, the Eastern Chiricahua chief.

Chihuahua asked him, "Have you seen any Indians on your way here?"

"No."

"I wonder where they are. There used to be many Indians all through there. Maybe they've been driven out of there. I hear you have power to find people and to see the enemy. Suppose you hold a ceremony for us tonight and look for us."

[538] [113] [424] [192] [15] Stories concerning the acquisition of a ceremony and its successful use are part of the stock in trade of the shaman. In order to insure cooperation and respect from his patient and the on-lookers, he usually prefaces the ceremony proper by such accounts. For an expansion of this point see Morris Edward Opler, "Some Points of Comparison and Contrast between the Treatment of Functional Disorders by Apache Shamans and Modern Psychiatric Practice," *American Journal of Psychiatry*, May, 1936, 1371–1387. A ceremony, subject to the approval of the power which is its source, may be passed on by a shaman to another person, and when it is so transferred it is necessary that the novice hear and learn the lore associated with it.

[16] The word *en'ti* (i nasalized) literally means "witch" or "sorcery."